

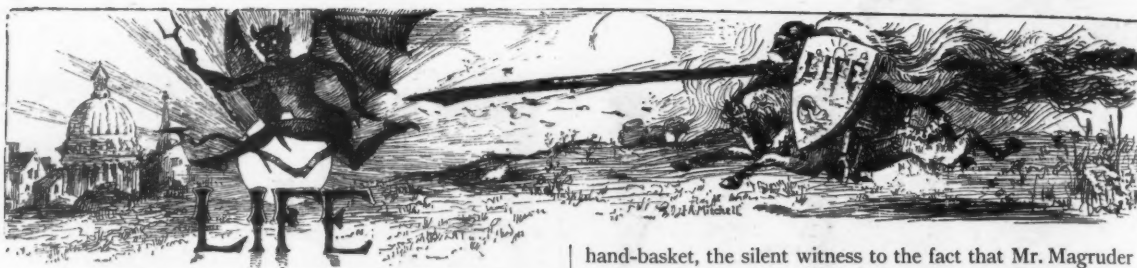


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EVERY  
THURSDAY  
Ten Cents  
a Copy



JULY 4.

*J. B. (who makes no allowance for perspective):* SO THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY AGAIN. WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! COLUMBIA, YOU WILL BE AS TALL AS YOUR FATHER SOON.



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MR. JOSEPH HATTON is known somewhat hysterically to several London publishers as a writer of fiction. Lately he acted as the filter through which we received the American Impressions of Mr. Henry Irving. During the Irving tour Mr. Hatton was popularly supposed to be garnering and filtering the Impressions. Actually, he was endeavoring to muzzle the critics in the interest of his employer. In this work he failed, except in one instance, where through his machinations trouble was bred between a leading journal and its critic, a gentleman whose wide reputation and well-known incorruptibility led the unctuous Hatton to fear him, the result being that no criticisms from his pen appeared. This episode gave Mr. Hatton more reputation than he had ever earned before, and accordingly we find him now full plumed in England, bragging of the success of his American tour. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hatton's career in Mr. Irving's train is too well known on this side of the water, and his flaunted British glories can only be regarded as the pleasantries of fiction, which a serene complacency and the contemplation of 3,000 miles of sea water inspire.

WHEN Mr. George William Magruder, of Little Rock, was six years old, he fell from a second story window and broke his nose. At ten he had small-pox, which gave his complexion the general characteristics of a waffle mould. At fourteen he fell from grace and a cherry-tree, and in a wrestle with the farmer's bull-dog, lost an ear. At eighteen he was expelled from college and involved in a railway accident, by which he lost a leg. At twenty-two he fell into the common error of supposing that a horse pistol was not loaded, and five minutes later, while searching for fragments of his left hand, was convinced that it had been. At twenty-six he served as an example of how easily a buzz saw can amputate a right arm at the elbow joint, and last week, on his thirtieth birthday his last leg was conveyed from a St. Louis hospital in a

hand-basket, the silent witness to the fact that Mr. Magruder had inserted himself carelessly between the wheels of a loaded truck and the cobblestones of the street. A local statistician has ascertained that these periodical outbursts of Mr. Magruder's luck occur every four years. At similar intervals came the presidential nominations. It may be too early to predict the choice of the Republican party in 1888, but the indications are that if Mr. Magruder will but keep up his grip on chronic ill-fortune, he will stand an eminently favorable chance. This year Mr. Blaine got ahead of him.

"IN view of the fact that 10,000 of my photographs are to be distributed there next week, I do not really understand the alarm exhibited in Chicago at the approach of cholera."—*Benjamin F. B.*

THE persistent efforts made by the municipal authorities to support that frolicsome toy, known as the policeman's club, has resulted in the force being so degraded from its once exalted position that it is no longer tempting to ex-convicts or prize-fighters. Once the policeman's lot was happy, with his round of beer and seven solid blocks of coquetry on his beat, he could while away the early evening with joy, and then promote his name at headquarters by clubbing some feeble citizen into insensibility and a hospital. All this is changed. The rampant citizen may now pass a policeman at night and even look at him, without requiring the surgeons and a yard of plaster the following day. Small boys may approach him and still live. All things mortal may circle about his greatness, and need no subsequent arnica. Yet, with him it is not well. Robbed of the dread and majesty of his office, he is humbled, lowered—has become a mere man. He is brilliant yet with buttons and shield, but the glory of his life has faded, the strength of his arm is sapped, his occupation is gone, and the nurse and the cook no longer worship, but sniff contemptuously as he passes, and bestow their affections upon the frigid ice-man, or the sanguine butcher. He has fallen like a bright exhalation in the evening and is no more.

THE Hon. Mr. Bunn has just been toasted in Washington as the new Governor of Idaho. Idaho may truly be said to take the cake.

THE season is fast approaching when the fond father taketh home to his little ones a dozen pieces of Delaware cholera in a basket, whereat the children wax joyous and the undertaker's heart beateth right merrily.



HERALDIC.

*Mr. Gubbins:* LOOK HERE, SOPHIA, WHAT IS THE MOTTO ON THIS LETTER? "TIENS TA FOI." WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

*Sophia (who knows French):* "TIENS" MEANS "KEEP;" "TA" IS "THY," AND "FOI" IS—LET'S SEE—OH YES! "FOI" MEANS "LIVER." "KEEP YOUR LIVER."

*Gubbins:* H'M! SEEMS SORT OF UNNECESSARY ADVICE, DOES N'T IT?

CONSOLATION.

WHEN Philkins won her heart from me,  
My soul it much enraged;  
But now, ha! ha! I am revenged—  
I hear they are engaged!

"IT is awfully complimentary, boys, and of course I accept, but if you only knew how very unsatisfactory this wind-pudding is, you would n't blame me for just the least little lack of enthusiasm."

*Benjamin F. B.*

THE unregenerate now speak of it as a "Flower bar'l," to signify the doughness of his cake, as it were.

BOOMLETS.

MR. FLOWER has just sent out sample copies of his campaign song. One verse reads:

The G. O. P. has got to go,  
'T is money makes the mar' go;  
And I'm the boy what's got the bar'l  
To run things at Chicago.

THE unrighteous press are now making much merriment over the *Tryblaine's* announcement that Mr. Blaine has two pews.

This is wrong. Very wrong.  
*De Gustibus non dis-pew-tandem.*

THE *Sun* has a correspondent who waxeth mysterious over the fact that Blaine was nominated on the sixth day of the sixth month. Also that his last name is composed of six letters.

Well, what of it?

Tilden is spelled with six letters; so is licked; ditto beaten; got badly left has twelve letters, a multiple of six; then, too, Tilden was n't nominated on the sixth day; nor in the sixth month, another coincidence, not to mention seventy-six and the fact that he's been sick ever since.

Perhaps the *Sun* augurs from this that Blaine will get left! By the way, how many letters are there in C. A. DANA?

WE bit the dust when we swung out solid for Samuel J., but we'll bedimmed before we'll go Groverling in it.  
*Tammany Braves.*

WE understand that an eminent astrologer states that there are spots on the *Sun*. We officially deny the imputation. There are no flies on us.  
*C. A. D-n-.*

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS writes in a letter to Roosevelt: N. B. No Blaine!

ON the other hand, Henry Watterson wrote Cleveland on hearing Tilden's withdrawal: P. S. Poor Sam!

WHEN Gov. Robinson heard that Harvard had refused him his LL.D. he consoled himself with the remark: Well, I'll be D—D.



#### A MORALITY CONUNDRUM.

NO one will be made particularly joyful by reading "The Crime of Henry Vane," a novel by Mr. Stimson, of Boston, the very successful author of "Guerndale." The psychology of a suicide is not the brightest sort of reading for a warm day; besides, the sub-title ("A Study with a Moral") is about as inviting as would be the sign on a theatre—"Walk right in and have your conscience pricked." But whoever reads this sketch will be interested, perhaps instructed, perhaps opportunely warned.

The problem to be solved is: Given a young man of American parentage, but French education, suddenly bereft of sweetheart, sister, father and fortune—calamities which make his mother incurably insane—and all this at the very threshold of his career; transplant him to New York, and there let him struggle alone for three years with poverty; then comes business success, which only intensifies his hunger for real happiness; bring him under the influence of a bright, sympathetic, acute woman—not a butterfly and shallow flirt,

but one who would play for the heart of a man recklessly, yet persistently and deceitfully—given these premises, what will be the result? The answer here is, Suicide.

Under the circumstances, was it a crime? The deed was committed on the impulse of a moment; the immediate cause was a mere accident which led him to see a revolver. But a long train of causes made the impulse possible. Heredity (the insane mother must not be forgotten) and environment were active agents. Was he a responsible moral agent in spite of them, or was he the creature of remorseless laws?

A secondary moral drama from the story is the frivolity of American Society, especially American girls who play recklessly at the game of life. It would be interesting to hear the verdict of the average American girl upon this story. It would probably be a good antidote for the serious reflections to which the tale had given birth.

LIFE asks your pardon, pretty maid, if it has caused you one sigh for the heartaches sown by your careless glances. You are never more charming than when least serious. Flirt on, in spite of Henry Vane, and let the world be merrier.

DROCH.

THE Society for instruction in First Aid to the Injured has a long name, but the work it does goes a long way. It has just published a handy little volume entitled "First Aid To The Injured," by Dr. Bowditch Morton, which contains full particulars as to the proper treatment of persons suddenly stricken with injuries such as the flesh is heir to. There are numerous illustrations displaying the peculiarities of both the inner and outer man, which will aid the reader much in understanding the why and wherefore of the rules laid down.

It is a valuable little book, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

#### THE De KAY OF THE HUDSON.

MR. DE KAY'S "Choral Ode to the North River," in the *July Century* was, personally, edited by Louis Barnaval, for whose love-songs Mr. De Kay once did a similar service. We never knew, before, what a remarkable river New York possessed. Mr. De Kay tells us that it is a "limpid-limbed tree," with an "opalescent bole;" a "maze of lymph," a "nourisher of matrons;" a playmate for children, and their "treasure-chest;" likewise a playground, and a "crystal fane of liberty," which has "a giant hand"—certainly a unique sort of animal. Further on he addresses it as "Salt of the world" which has "blossomed near the root"—proving that the river is a curious and hitherto unknown vegetable-mineral. We also learn that it is a wizard, a crystal dome with swamps, a "house for all things," a nurse, a book, a pond, a gate, a crystal palace, a Congressional hall which provides bread, a "rune" with marble floors, a "glave" or sword, and, finally, not a river at all, but a "molten main"—i. e., the ocean. Who would not be proud of such a Hudson? After this, the "boles" of the Mississippi and the Rhine may as well be chopped down and sold for firewood.



BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF POLITICS.  
WHAT WILL THE DEMOCRATS DO FOR US?

## LADY MESSALINA.

By JEEMS.



HEY were not a bit green; nor, though Americans, were they people of color; their color was all in their talk. That was strawberry roan and had a maroon border picked out with solferino. It lacked staying qualities, like all aniline conversation. They sat in two chairs, for though they were not rich, and chairs by the hour came high, they were much too good form to crowd into one chair and much too lazy to stand up. Rotten Row was in front of them and they were looking on and were able to take comfort in it; for they had often been to Chicago, and knew how such things should be done. Their native land was too dear for them to live in it, therefore they passed a nomadic existence abroad, being tramps, so to speak, and going out to America every few years to make sure that Boston still retailed her beans at fifty cents a plateful. They returned as soon as their appetites became keen.

"On his high horse?" exclaimed Mr. Drear of a young man who rolled by.

"How high?" questioned his wife as she followed the direction of his eyes.

"About eight millions, they tell me!"

"Rotten with wealth!" Mrs. Drear always spoke of wealth in that way; it was an expression she had picked up in Toledo when a young girl.

"He's after that girl."

Lord Scamperdown was indeed perfect. He had a big, handsome person and beard, and dazzled as he rode by with his two daughters. "One of them," said Clinton Drear, "must be the maid that Jefferson Squeezer has the sour mash on." It was an expression of his wife's that he had caught. She got it from her father, an Ohio gentleman, who, when he succumbed in '73, went down loaded with blue grass cordial, not, alas, in bond. She knew all the best people in Ohio, and when Dr. Speed, in an immense little pot hat with the brim torn off, came behind her chair and asked if it was not more fun than a pig-under-a-gate (an expression much in vogue in Porkopolis), she was able to shake hands with him in fluent American, for his family had come to the surface in Sandusky, and she knew that his grandmother had been married; and to whom.

Skinful Speed was a veterinary surgeon who had removed to New York from Cincinnati where a number of his cousins were in the same line of business and had crowded him out. When Jefferson Squeezer passed again he took off his pot hat and waved it at him, for they were pals.

"Who is that handsome girl Jeff is riding with?" he asked of Mrs. Drear.

"Lady Messalina Hurdle."

"And who is she?"

"Lord Scamperdown's daughter."

"And who is he?"

Then they explained to him how the Marquis of Scamperdown had married a beautiful and industrious woman who had taken him out of pawn to the giddy world of frivolous amusement and made him part owner of twelve charming children of whom seven were daughters, and the rest sons, and how he intended to raise them all!

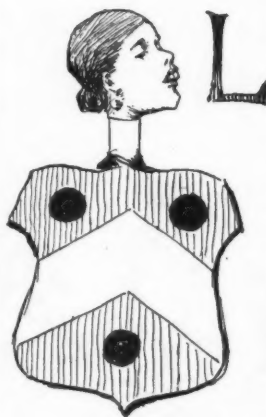
Jefferson Squeezer was not a slugger nor very big, but he was penultimately affirmative, and as likely to get there as a bigger man. He claimed to have 500 horses, but that was merely the result of a habit of mind he had learned from his uncle who was an Ohio statesman and a great head at figuring on deficiency bills. He may have had four horses,—or maybe a dozen.

He purposely cultivated such little inaccuracies of talk so as to give his friends an exaggerated impression of the simplicity of his mind, whereas, if there was one thing more distinctly ascertained than another, it was, that he was a true son of Ohio, who wanted the earth and the fullness thereof and constantly took thought with himself, how he might escape all consequent headache. Like all Americans, he had been taught to work. He was a dentist by profession, but his wealth made it unnecessary for him to practice. Dr. Speed knew how definite was Squeezer's ability, and what the profession had lost in his retirement.

"Your tooth wash alone," he said, "would have made you rich in five years, and judicious advertising would have made you famous; you won't be now."

"Hope it will be you," said Squeezer.

## II



LADY PIQUERMAN had use for Squeezer. Lady Popsaduke, whose countryman he was, had introduced him to her; she had presented her mother, and Lady Scamperdown had asked him down to Fetlock where he had been permitted to make eyes at the handsome Lady Messalina.

"Do you love her?" Lady Piquerman asked him as they drove together to a ball.

"Why, certainly; should you be pleased if I married her?"

"Much, and by the way, you have been conspicuously devoted, and it may be kind to say that my father is a big man, and has a heavy club concealed behind the front door."

Squeezer wasted no time in musing upon the mystery of

his passion, in wondering whether he might have escaped it by using a little vigilance at first, or whether it would die out if he should go away. He accepted it frankly, for he was not inclined to readjustments, and his meals did not taste good to him when eaten off the mantel piece. Besides, he liked Lady Mess. He thought her points fine, and wished his children might look like her. Nor was he unaware that if she should become their mother they probably would.

He would not wait for Lord Scamperdown to argue with him. There was to be another party that night to which Lady Messalina was coming. He left Lady Piquerman, and went back to his hotel to taste his liberty. He knew that if he tasted too much of it he would have to be put to bed, but he was not put to bed; he did not even mash his hat. Still believing that he acted in all things by his own will he called a cab and was driven to the dance in Sportland Place.

Lady Messalina was there. Finding circular motion convenient, Squeezer danced six waltzes with her and then retired to the conservatory. Then as he held the wall still for a moment he said:

"I guess you've got me all broke up."

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered, and smiled a little, showing her fine teeth. That touched his professional weakness and finished him.

"I guess you are all wool and a yard wide," he continued. "Can I speak to your father?"

"You can say anything you choose to my father."

"What will he say?"

"I caant faancy." \*

THE END.

E. S. M.

\* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*Enough is as good as a feast.*

REGARDLESS of expense—the selling price, generally.

ALL the same in Dutch—der seltsame.

A CLARET punch—one of Sullivan's.

"THAT was a clothes shave," said the burglar as he tumbled over the fence, leaving a part of his pantaloons with the bulldog.

#### COMB, SWEET COMB.

O Frolicsome insect, though far you may roam,  
Bee it ever so bumble, there's no place like comb;  
Where honey lies sparkling in beautiful wells,  
Not even the Tombs has more comfortable cells.

*Comb, Comb! Sweet Comb!  
There's no place like Comb!*

Oh, he stung me! The brute! My proboscis is sore—  
Go back to your ugly thatched bee-hive once more.  
The wasps wax impatient, the hornets are mad—  
They want you; I do n't! When you go, I'll be glad!

*Comb, Comb! Sweet Comb!  
There's no place like Comb!*

JOHN HOWARD (in) PAIN.

#### A SCHEME FOR BENJAMIN.

1.



REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:

GROVER CLEVELAND,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,  
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

\*\* \*\* 2. \*\* \*\*

MARCH 4th, 1885. INAUGURATION OF GROVER CLEVELAND.

\*\* \*\* 3. \*\* \*\*



\*\* \*\* 4. \*\* \*\*

Washington, March 5th, 1885.  
DEATHS.—Suddenly, of apoplexy, GROVER CLEVELAND, President  
of the United States.

\*\* \*\* 5. \*\* \*\*





W.A. ROGERS

JAMES OF MAINE AND GEO

"GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS TATT



AND GEORGE OF VIRGINIA.

WAS THE TATTOOED MAN OF 1796," ETC.

—N. Y. Tribune.



## WE ARE SEVEN.

I MET a little Governor,  
 "I yell reform," he said ;  
 "The troubled waters round me roll  
 And simmer 'bout my head."  
 "Sisters and brothers, little Gov.,  
 How many may you be ?  
 Come, tell me ; there's a little dear !"  
 "Why, one plus double three.



"There's Henry, ran a noble sheet  
 Way down in old Kentucky.  
 He boomed our old friend, Samuel J.,  
 But Hen, he was n't lucky.  
 For just when he'd got Sammy down  
 Unto a point so fine,  
 Why, what does Sammy up and do,  
 But shriek out : I decline !!

Then there was Billy Morrison,  
 Who tried the Tariff act,  
 And got knocked out in Washington  
 In a manner most compact.



And poor Carlisle, he blew his horn  
 While riding on his hobby,  
 Which threw him off upon his head,  
 In full view of the lobby.



And now I drop a red-hot tear,  
 In memory of Sam,  
 Who, when his party wanted him,  
 Was n't worth a tinker's—cuss !



Another brother died in Payne,  
 A daisy candidate ;  
 But he was rattled by the brand  
 Of oil upon his pate.



Another lived a blameless life,  
And struck an easy gait,  
About whom there was nothing small,  
Except, perhaps, his State.  
A speech he made at Dover once  
Made Thomas very tired,  
And caused him to vacate the field.  
His epitaph is Bayard.  
"Well, then, my boy, you're only one,  
Instead of numbering seven;  
There's only one that's left here now;  
The rest are all in Heaven." \*  
"No, no; you're wrong, old man," he said;  
"We ain't in office yet;  
There's seven to pay when we git thar!  
You'd better not forget."  
In vain I argued with the boy.  
The lump it would not leaven.  
He still persisted, spite of all:  
"You bet your boots we're seven."

CARLYLE SMITH.

\* Poetic license.

BLOOD is thicker than New York milk.

A CONTEMPORARY heads an article, "The Last Failure."  
We are glad to hear it.

THE Norristown *Herald* says: "N. Y. LIFE calls Blaine a thief and a pirate in this week's issue. That is doing pretty well. In the next number he will no doubt be charged with having murdered his grandmother and committed bigamy."

Why, certainly! We do n't care if we do charge the illustrious Magnet with bigamy, etc.

But it seems to us that before we do so we had better wait until our Norristown contemporary sends on the proofs of its insinuations.

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

IT is a well-known fact that the Republican National Convention met in Chicago during the first week in June.

In the second week there comes this telegram to the *Tryblaine*:

#### OVERRUN WITH HOGS.

THE CHICAGO MARKET DEPRESSED BY EXTRAORDINARY RECEIPTS OF PORK ON FOOT.

And yet the *Tryblaine* supports the nominee!

#### AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD.

From the *N. Y. Times*.

IT is openly asserted that none of the American artists exhibiting in the recent Paris Salon were allowed to receive prizes for the sole reason that the French are indignant at the action of Congress in regard to the duty on foreign pictures. Italy, in the person of Signor Mancini, has just given expression in a more legitimate way to the disgust which the ignorance and meanness of Congress has inspired, and it is very evident that the Italian Government will adopt some retaliatory measure to compel our backwoods legislation to reverse their action.

The indecency of the effort to keep the pictures painted by foreign artists out of the country is as conspicuous as the gross ignorance of art which prompted the action. For years American artists have been welcomed in France and Italy and given the same advantages which are given to French and Italian artists. They are admitted to study in the foreign galleries, and obtained gratuitously privileges that no money could buy here. We repay this courtesy by placing what is virtually a prohibitory duty on the works of foreign artists, and the Congressmen guilty of this indecency do not appear to have the slightest idea of the estimation in which the civilized world will hold their conduct.

MISSING Political Lynx—Grant and Conkling.

#### YALE-HARVARD.

THE University race is over and Yale wears the victor's crown. In spite of eel-grass, fish-nets, crabs and other destructive elements in boat racing the blue once more towers above the crimson. The Yale crew was a very light one and those who understand the mysteries of boating shook their heads significantly as the crew drew out to the starting point.

The result was unexpected to the Harvard men who were backing their crew heavily and many of whom have in consequence started on walking tours to their various places of residence.

The race was prettily executed, Yale rowing easily and maintaining the advantage throughout while the Harvard men strained every nerve to forge ahead.

The result is regarded as a victory for the English stroke and is the last annihilating blow to the Jack-in-the Box jerk employed by Yale for the past two years.



*Coquettish Western lady (somewhat proud of her French) to distinguished foreigner: FIE DONC, MONSIEUR! CE N'EST PAS PROPRE!*

THERE is a story going about of a lady whose husband had a very small foot, of which he was extremely proud. She encouraged his vanity, so that every time he bought tighter and tighter shoes. It was excruciating pain to go about in them, but he would not confess it. However, when he reached home in the evening his slippers were such a welcome relief that it was a difficult matter to induce him to go out after dinner. From a great club man he became noted for his domestic habits. His wife smiled, but said nothing.

Think of having a wife who was capable of smiling and saying nothing!

P. R. ITEM.—Having successfully knocked out Slade and Mitchell, Professor Sullivan is now doing his best to down John Barleycorn—with what result it is not difficult to determine.

AWAITING confirmation — The report that all the high cock-eye-lorums of the country will support B. F. Butler.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

"YES, sirree," said the Independent, "I ain't no servile critter. I'm a going to bolt Blaine!"

"Indeed," said the machine man, "Going to bolt, eh! How do you spell it, B-O-L-T?"

"You bet I spell it with a B-O-L-T with a capital T, too!"

"Oh, well if that 's the way you spell it I'm glad you're going to Bolt Blaine, because otherwise it would be unpleasant for the Plumed Knight."

And the Machine man chuckled, while the Independent with an anxious far-away look in his eye hurried home and got out his *Edition de luxe* of Webster unabridged, in which he read:

BOLT, v. t., to swallow without chewing.

When he recovered he went out and took the stump for the G. O. P.

J. K. B.

As the hot weather approaches, a man's collar and cholera both grow uncomfortable.

#### PHYSICAL OR MENTAL.

"IT'S a pity he does that," said Miss Sophonisba De Montmorenci to Mr. John Brown, the bluff superintendent at Messrs. Fine & Coarse's great *maison de dry goods* on Broadway, and alluding to Augustus Le Smythe, the elegant floor-walker, upon whom she gazed with unaffected admiration.

"You mean part his hair in the middle?" said Brown.

"Of course," answered Sophonisba. "It's painful."

"Oh! he do n't mind it. The house considers it in his salary, and it really do n't hurt him much. He uses a soft brush and a towel, and does it without using chloroform."

Sophonisba looked puzzled, and said no more.

THERE is a warning in the honeycomb. It is, bee-ware?

BOSTON ships tracts to one part of India, and wooden idols to another part. There is nothing sectarian about Boston.

NOWADAYS.

SHE is a nowadays maiden,  
And he a most commonplace swain;  
She, with her beads and her buckles,  
He, with his bangs and his cane.

She, a pretty New Yorker,  
He, a Columbia man;  
Each struggling for social successes  
As only a New Yorker can.

But they meet, and they love, and are wedded  
In a way just as true and as good  
As if they were Darby and Joan,  
And in old time simplicity wooed.

F. C.

A GREAT wag—a dog's tail.

A SAFE-GUARD—the time-clock.

"DEAR Logie: I like your letter very much. I began it last week and finished it to-day. The only criticism I have to make is that it contains just a little too much platform—for a Vice President's acceptance. Then again, while your grammar is original and striking, it is too complicated for the ignorant to understand. I would suggest your boiling it down a little. Suppose you merely say 'I accept.' Then, don't you see, I can put in the rest."

J. G. B.

## Henry Holt & Co.

HAVE JUST READY:

*LIFE OF JOHN KALB*, Major General in the Revolutionary Army. By Friedrich Kapp. 12mo, \$1.75.

*THE MISTRESS OF IBICHSTEIN*. By Fr. Henkel. Translated by S. E. Boggs. 16mo, Leisure Hour Series, \$1.00; Leisure Moment Series, 30 cents.

NEW AND CHEAP EDITION, IN PAPER COVERS, AT \$1.00, OF

*The Summer School of Philosophy at Mount Desert.*

24 Pen and Ink Drawings by John A. Mitchell, Editor of LIFE.

"There are no dry-as-dust essays, no fine-spun disquisitions in 'The Summer School of Philosophy at Mount Desert.' From the first page to the last it is a revel of fairy fun and mischievous grace. The wisdom taught is that of love, and the young men and maidens created by Mr. J. A. Mitchell's humorous imagination wander through the book under the ingenious, the saucy, the benignant tuition of the quaintest band of Cupids who ever skipped from an artist's pencil. All the characteristics of Mount Desert—the charms of the summer sea as viewed by two, the vigils on the piazza, the bouncing and abundant buck-board—are suffused with that delicate wit of the pencil, in which Thackeray was the great, if untrained master. Mr. Mitchell is the young Bostonian who several years ago left architecture for the painter's easel, and whose pictures have had success in Paris."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"The artist has done a clever thing, and the wit is capital."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"None who enjoy thoroughly good satire and caricature in pictures should fail to see this book."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

"Mr. Mitchell, with but scanty text, has fully developed all the manners and ways of the acolytes who follow Cupid. The artist who makes these pictures has exceedingly good taste and a dainty pencil, for chubby cherubs are fitting all over his pages, and when he wants to be comic, his pictures are always conceived in good taste."—*N. Y. Times*.

GRADY & MCKEEVER,

LATE

RENNER & COMPANY,

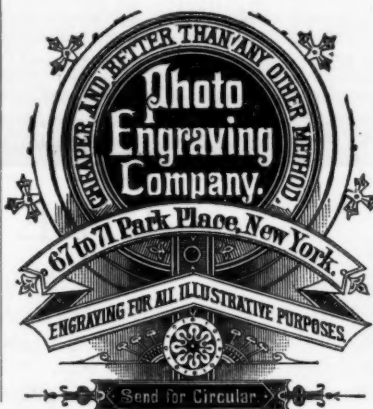
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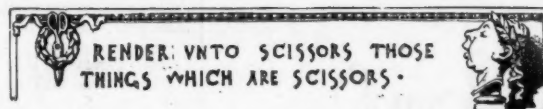
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IN placing Logan on the ticket instead of nominating a colored man, the Republicans wished to acknowledge the war record of a hero. Every Confederate knows what a panic fear seized the Southern regiments whenever the voice of Logan, thus addressing his men, was heard upon the austral breezes: "Fellow-soldiers! the eyes of the world is on us! I hope nobody won't give no quarter in the battle to-day! I do n't propose to give no man a show! Their graves is dug! Forward, march!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

EDITH asks: "Will you please send me a receipt for a nice home-made pie?" Yes, Edith, we will send the receipt in the very first mail after we receive the pie.—*Boston Post*.

"Sit down in front," cried some members of an audience at a Decoration Day matinee, as a professor of grammar stood up to take a survey of the house. "Cannot be done. It's a physical impossibility, constituted as I am," replied the professor. "Sit down, sir," said the policeman. "Ah, now you talk, sir. But when these gentlemen asked me to sit down in front and leave my back standing up, you—" "Sit down," yelled the audience and he squatted.—*News*.

THEY HAD MET BEFORE.

A young man who had been following a lady through Thirty-seventh street drew alongside of her at Fifth avenue, lifted his hat and observed, "Have n't I met you somewhere before?" "Once I think," answered the lady. "I knew it," said the young man, with a self-satisfied smile; "and you've been in my thoughts ever since." "I thought you had not noticed me particularly," said the lady: "I met you two weeks ago at your wedding. Your wife is my cousin."—*N. Y. Sun*.

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WE have sweet girl graduates, but the sweet dudes seldom get farther along than the Freshman year.—*Graphic.*

SAID a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call, "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that 's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."—*Siftings.*

A MALICIOUS boy created a panic in a Montreal hotel one day last week by thrusting his head into the dining-room and calling out: "Here comes an officer from New York with a warrant." It was several hours before some of the most nervous persons could be persuaded to come out of the woods and return to their meal.—*Graphic.*

JOHN ARMSTEAD, of Adrian, Mich., has a calf that was born without any hair on its body. A hairless calf is a very nice thing to show to callers; but when winter comes, and Mr. Armstead finds that he will have to put weather strips and an ulster on that bovine to keep him from freezing to death, he will wish that it had been born with enough hair to keep it warm.—*Peck's Sun.*

### A STAND OFF.

A COUPLE of practical jokers, living at a big up-town hotel, bought a terrapin while walking through the market the other day, and slipped it into the bed of a fresh arrival who had just registered. They watched that night until they saw the newcomer retire to bed. In about ten minutes a white-robed figure began shouting down the elevator shaft for the landlord. When the crowd got up-stairs the victim conducted the landlord to the bed and turned down the clothes. "Mr. Hotelkeeper," said the stranger solemnly, pointing to the terrapin, "I'm from New Jersey, and I can stand most anything, but either that bug or me has got to take another room."—*San Francisco Post.*

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WORTHY OF ITS NAME.

**IRATE Customer**—"See here, sir, I bought one of those lightning ice-cream freezers of you last week."

**Dealer**—"Well, it proved worthy of its name, did n't it?"

**IRATE Customer**—"Worthy of its name! Why, it turned the cream sour?"

**Dealer**—"Yes, that's what lightning does."—*Phil. Call.*

In response to a sign of "Boy Wanted" a lad about twelve years of age applied for a position in a Michigan avenue store. The proprietor liked his looks and decided to take him, and, after some general explanations and observations asked:

"What is your first name?"

"Henry."

"Very well; I shall call you by that."

"What is your first name?" asked the boy.

"Why?"

"Oh, I think it is altogether the best plan to call each other by our first names. It saves time, and you do n't get folks mixed up. You can call me Hank, and if your name's William I can shorten it half a rod."

The boy has n't begun work yet. In fact, the man has installed a lad in the place who takes plenty of time to "Mister" him and give the full name.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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